

DSP_74



"the hex"

Summer
2003

2003 232 = 20 August

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voth₇

The Eighth Volume of the Hex

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Shoot Me Dead

Society is a dirty rotten trick
Call me love-sick heretic lunatic
I beat you down with my walking stick
Quick, swallow down the arsenic
Throw a brick, do the arithmetic
I impose myself as a maverick
Wipe away the lies and her lipstick

Regicide is justified
Open-eyed nation-wide suicide
Kill the gort in Gorticide
Slaves are never dignified
How can they be so self-satisfied?
Ignorant of being taken for a ride

Doing nothing I learn to change every day
Slavery is slavery no matter what the pay
Pretty clothes and trucks won't free
your mind

Into hell the blind leading the blind
Why is my brother down on his knees?
Why does the FBI murder aborigines?

This sad clown never wears a frown
Or sings in the Queen's English
But serve free food downtown
And I'll spit Quinn's B into a dish

I never cared for being white
Never cared for "might makes right"
I wanna be the Great Filini's acolyte
In the twilight I write with
second sight

Downright out-of-sight frogloodyte

Don't need another satellite
I am the bright bedlamite with copyright
Midnight meteorite taking flight
Lay her down, perform the sacred rite

All these robotic slaves are so lame
Who do you think is tame?
You, not me - now, ain't that a shame?
Kill me, bury me, save me from blame

"Slavery is slavery, better do as we say
Here's twenty-five bucks, catch a bus
Earn your wages like the rest of us."

Hell no! This is my dying day
Let it be today, make it go away
~~So~~ Sorry, not today, never never say
To earn my pay on the seventh day
Take the subway halfway to my hideaway
Gotta stowaway and get away from underpay

I know I am Mission Mike
 No one else understands but me
 My heart-mind is brother-like
 Volunteer to clean Black Elks' debris
 Who in this world is gonna set us free?

I may be ignorant, you think
 If you believe that, pour down another drink
 I am the one who knows himself
 I never put that wisdom on the shelf
 Walking in woods like a Magic Elf
 Mama Africa whispers to me:

"Know Thyself"

We walk our prayers
 We eat the sun
 Don't tell me I had better run!
 Shoot me in the back
 See if I care
 Call me a maniac

Contrast and compare
 Walking on water
 There's no miracle there
 Bare feet on the green earth
 Now this is my prayer

Time to unleash the Beast
 We eat our bread deeply,
 the Last Feast.

I test out my Jesus Christ pose
 Become morose and overdose

X^o
 July 24th, 2003

outcast

an outcast shunning status
my skeleton gets by on less

white is a dirty idea
conscious of my skin
merging with my veins
blood flows, spirit breathes
heart-mind color purple

Racial barriers, prehistoric law
going tribal within this
empire of the senseless

industrialized empire
cell blocks of suburbia
death tombs of the great city
concrete wombs of mother culture
of death

under bridges along highways
in psychiatric wards

and prison industry cells
wearing the company hat
earning cash, doing something

turning away from the hard parade
doing nothing, it learns and grows

I am organism, the one who knows
to kill symbolically
to liberate flesh from routine
to liberate reality from language
to liberate poetry from rhyme

sniffing the air
in search of perceptible scents
embracing the tenderness of true lust

~~X~~ July 24th 2003



" Historical pessimism and the sense of the tragic are recurrent motives in European literature. From Heraclitus to Heidegger, from Sophocles to Schopenhauer, the opponents of the tragic view of life point out that the shortness of human existence can only be overcome by the heroic intensity of living.

" The philosophy of the tragic is incompatible with the Christian dogma of salvation or the optimism of some modern ideologies.

False assumptions of modern political theories and ideologies: that the radiant future is around the corner, that existential fear can be subdued by the acceptance of a linear and progressive concept of history.

The masses avoid allusion to death and dying (in our postmodernity).

" The ideology of good looks is widespread in modern TV-oriented society. The belief that death can be dented has become the formula for social and political conduct.

" The French-Rumanian essayist Emil Cioran suggests that the awareness of death, existential futility represents the sole weapon against theological and ideological deliriums that have been rocking Europe for centuries.

Cioran came to realize the sense of existential futility can best be cured by the belief in a cyclical concept of history, which excludes any notion of the arrival of a new messiah or the continuation of techno-economic progress.

Cioran's political and existential attitude towards being and time is an effort to restore the pre-Socratic thought, which Christianity, and then the heritage of rationalism and positivism, pushed into the periphery of philosophical speculation.

In his essays and aphorisms, Cioran attempts to cast the foundation of a philosophy of life that, paradoxically, consists of TOTAL REFUTATION OF ALL LIVING. Is it not senseless to speculate about human betterment in an age of "accelerated history"?

Man feels fear only on his skin, not on his skeleton.

Think of all those who are no longer alive forever exempt of their flesh and fear.

"Cioran fights existential nihilism by means of nihilism. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Cioran is averse to the vogueish pessimism of modern intellectuals who denounce lost paradises, and who continue pontificating about endless economic progress. Unquestionably, the literary discourse of modernity has contributed to this mood of false pessimism, although such pessimism seems to be more induced by frustrated economic appetites, and less by what Cioran calls 'metaphysical alienation'.

"Contrary to Sartre's existentialism that focuses on the rupture between being and non-being, Cioran regrets the split between the language and reality of existential nothingness."

The difficulty of conveying the vision of existential nothingness is due to the split between the language and reality of existential nothingness. My own interests in existential nothingness began when I was 16 years old, when I was "with" Claire.

"In a kind of alienation popularized by modern writers, Cioran detects the fashionable affect of Parisianism that elegantly masks a warmed up version of a thwarted belief in progress. (Hence, his enemies dub him reactionary) Cioran is a philosopher of nihilism, Cioran never tries of blaspheamy."

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Cioran calls Christ, St. Paul, and all Christian clergymen, as well as their secular Freud-Marxian successors outright LIARS and MASTERS OF ILLUSION.

We should not reduce Cioran to some preconceived intellectual category as this cannot reflect his complicated political philosophy. For Cioran, all systems must be rejected for the simple reason that they all glorify man as an ultimate creature.

Only in the praise of non-being, and in the thorough denial of life, man's existence becomes bearable.

The great advantage of Cioran is, as he says, "I only live because it is in my power to die whenever I want."

without the idea of suicide, I would "have killed myself a long time ago." These words testify to Cioran's alienation from the philosophy of Sisyphus, as well as his disappointment of the moral pathos of the dung-infested Job.

Cioran contemplates the possibility of breaking away from the cycle of time. Man can at any time terminate his life - the *desaliénation* means a new *TEMPTATION TO EXIST*. Cioran draws his life force from the constant flow of the images of salutary death. Man should attempt to function as some form of saprophytic bacteria, or better yet as some amoeba from the Paleozoic era.

15
Such primeval forms of existence can endure the terror of being and time more easily. In a protoplasm, or lower species, there is more beauty than in all philosophies of life.

Cioran would like to be a plant. Cioran can be depicted as a trouble maker whose suicidal aphorisms offend bourgeois society, but whose words also shock modern socialist day-dreamers. In view of his acceptance of ~~death~~ the idea of death, as well as his rejection of all political destinies, it is no wonder that Cioran no longer feels bound to existential love of life. Hence, there is no longer any reason for him to ponder over the strategy

of living; one should rather start thinking about the methodology of dying, or better yet how never to be born.

Instead of resorting to thundering gloom, Cicero's paradoxical humor appears something which in the first place should have never been verbally contained.

The weakness of Cicero's prose lies probably in his lack of thematic organization.

When one reads Cicero's prose the reader is confronted by an author who imposes a climate of cold apocalypticism that thoroughly contradicts the heritage of progress.

The feeling of sublime futility with regard to everything that life entails goes hand in hand with Cicero's pessimistic

attitude towards the rise and fall of states and empires. Each system is doomed to perish the moment it makes its entrance onto the historical scene.

Now is the time for the opulent Europe to pack up and leave, and cede the historical scene to other more virile peoples. Yet, despite the fact that political tornadoes are lurking on the horizon, Cicero, like Marcus Aurelius, is determined to die with style.

His sense of the tragic has taught him the strategy of *ars moriendi*, making him well prepared for all surprises, irrespective of their magnitude.

Two thousand years of theo-Christian history is a mere trifle in comparison to eternity. Man will finally be free when he takes off the straight jacket of determinism, and when he realizes that life is an accidental mistake that springs up from one bewildering astral circumstance.

Proof?

History boils down to the classification of the police:

After all, does not the historian deal with the image which people have about the policeman throughout epochs?

To succeed in mobilizing masses in the name of some obscure ideas,

to enable them to sniff blood, is a certain avenue to political success. Without utopias, people would be forced to commit suicide, with utopias they commit homicides.

Today there are no more utopias. Mass democracy has taken their place.

After all, argues Cioran, had it not been for a young lunatic from Galilee, the world would be today a very boring place. Alas, how many such lunatics are hatching today their self-styled theological and ideological derivatives!

"Society is badly organized."
writes Cioran.

"it does nothing against lunatics
who die so young."

Probably all prophets and political
advisers should immediately be
put to death, "because when
the mob accepts a myth —
get ready for massacres or
better yet for a new religion."

Nothing could be more loathsome
to Ciceron than the vague cliché
of modernity that associates the
quest for happiness with a
peaceful pleasure-seeking society.

Demystified, disencharanted, castrated,
and unable to weather the upcoming
storm, modern society is doomed

to spiritual exhaustion and slow death.²¹
It is incapable of believing in
anything except in the purported
humanity of its future blood suckers.

The "better half" of Europe, the
one that wallows in air-conditioned
and aseptic salons, that Europe is
depleted of robust ideas.

It is incapable of hating and
suffering, and therefore of leading.

The new manners of new east
European cannibals, not "peace and
love" will determine the course
of tomorrow's history.

Those who have passed through
hell are more likely to outlive those
who have only known the cozy climate

of a secular paradise.

Cervin aimed his words at the decadent France in which afternoon chats about someone's obesity or actual impotence ~~had~~ ^{have} become major preoccupations on the bit-parade of daily concerns. Unable to put up resistance against Lomenau's conquerors, this Western Europe, according to Cervin, deserves to be punished in the same manner as the noblesse of the ancient régime which, on the eve of the French Revolution, laughed at its own image, while praising the image

of the bon sauvage.

How many among these good-natured French aristocrats ~~are~~ were aware that the same bon sauvage was about to roll their heads down the streets of Paris?

"In the future," writes Cervin, "if mankind is to start all over

again, it will be with the outcasts, with the mongrels from all parts, with the dogs of the continents."

Europe is hiding in its own insolently in front of an approaching catastrophe. Europe?

"The rats that smell nice, a perfumed corpse,"

Despite gathering storms, Ciceron is comforted by the notion that he at least is heir to the

vanishing "end of history".

Moreover, when the real apocalypse begins, and as the dangers of titanic proportions take final shape on the horizon, then, even the word "regret" will disappear from our vocabulary.

"My vision of the future is so clear that if I had children I would strangle them immediately."

After a good reading of Ciceron's opus one must conclude that Ciceron is essentially a satirist who ridicules

the stupid existential shivers of modern masses.

X

Ciceron admits that, despite his abhorrence of violence, every man, including himself, is an integral part of it, and that every man has at least once in his life contemplated how to roast somebody alive, or how to chop off someone's head.

Ciceron's literary criticism is unparalleled in modern literature, and for that reason he often appears as a nuisance for modern and sentimental ears poised for the lushly words of eternal earthly or spiritual bliss.

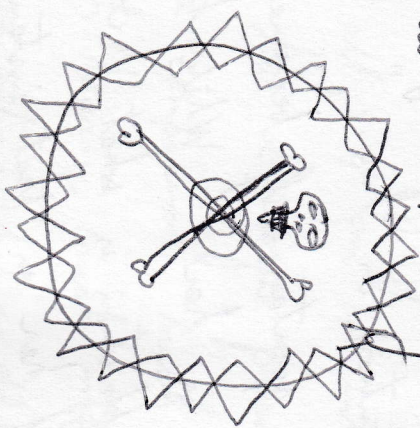
Cieran's hatred of the present and the future, his disrespect for life, will certainly continue to antagonize the apostles of modernity who never tire of chanting vague promises of about the "better here-and-now".

This paradoxical humor is so devastating that one cannot take it at face value, especially when Cieran describes his own self.

For Cieran, man's task is to work himself in the school of existential futility, for futility is not hopelessness; futility is a reward for those wishing to rid themselves of the epidemic of life and the virus of hope.

Cieran describes himself as a fanatic without any convictions — a stranded accident in the cosmos who casts nostalgic looks towards his quick disappearance.

To be free is to rid oneself forever from the notion of reward; to expect nothing from people or gods; to renounce not only this world and all worlds, but salvation itself; to break up even the idea of this chain among chains.



Passageways To The Prehistoric

This night, like several previous nights before this during the last days of July, I resist the temptation to walk to 6-12 to see Nat. I resist so that she might come to miss me enough not to be so smelly to me.

When she said "haaaai" to me in that disgusted tone of voice, I thought, "my god, this female really acts superior. I have created a monster by pouring so much attention on her."

- and then I spontaneously became less interested in her. While her sexuality and affection is what I crave, I grew sick of her in that instant.

My inner life has been rich for many years, and I will transcribe here an excerpt from Herod's Oemian to try to deepen my awareness of who I am, of what my presence is, so that I might find happiness in the simple process of becoming rather than place it in an unattainable object.

Can I come to know, and not merely believe, that my way of being is worth while? Can I know that by withdrawing my presence from Nat, I will be slightly missed by her?

After all, I am an intelligent man who has a unique presence to offer as a companion, much wisdom, much heart, much intelligence. No one notices what you do until you stop it.

longer. Let her figure out how to reach me if she decides it is in her best interests to come to know me more intimately.

My work is done there, so to speak, no longer divided.

I return upon myself.

and now, from Roman :

"We who were the sign might justly be considered cold by the world, even caught or dangerous. We were aware, or in the process of becoming aware, and our striving was directed toward a more and more complete state of awareness while the striving of the others was a quest aimed at kindling their opinions, ideals, duties, their lives and fortunes more and more closely

"We who were marked believed that we represented the will of nature to something new, to the individuation of the future. The others sought to perpetuate the status-quo.

"All of the faiths and teachings seemed to us already dead and useless. The only duty and destiny we acknowledged was that each one of us should become so completely himself, so utterly faithful to the active seed nature planted within him, that in leaving out its growth, he could be surprised by nothing unknown to come.

"When the upheavals of the earth's surface flung the creatures of the sea into the land and the land creatures into the sea, the specimens of the various orders that were ready to

follow their destiny were the ones that accomplished the new and unprecedented; by making new biological adjustments they were able to save their species from destruction. We do not know whether these were the same specimens that had previously distinguished themselves as upholders of the status-quo, or rather as eccentrics, revolutionaries, but we do know they were ready, and could therefore lead their species into new phases of evolution.

That is why we want to be ready.

"You consider yourself odd at times, you accuse yourself of taking a road different from most people. You have to unlearn that. Throw into the fire, into the clouds, and as soon as the inner voices

begin to speak, surrender to them, 35 don't ask first whether it is permitted. Our god's name is Abraxas, and is God and Satan, containing both the luminous and the dark worlds.

Abraxas does not take exception to any of your thoughts, any of your dreams. Never forget that.

Abraxas will leave you once you've become blameless and normal.

Then Abraxas will leave you and look for a different vessel in which to house thoughts.

"Each creature carries the vestiges of his birth - the shine and eggshells of his primeval past - with him to the end of his days.

We are experiments by Nature.
We listen to the inner voices of
Nature to evolve and grow into
the new phases of Becoming."

X

If I were to die in five minutes,
I would not regret having refused to
hold a job for this entire year
(except when I worked at ShopRite).

Neither would I regret going back
to college to earn a Bachelor's degree
in Computer Science. At least I
know what a "pointet" is:

a variable representing the location of
another value... or, simply -
the address ^{where is stored} an address where some
other data is stored.

Neither do I regret all the walks
to 6-12 to see Nat. in ANY weather

just to see her smile. I don't
regret the emotion I shared with her.
I gave her the most precious gift
a being can offer - my presence.
I can honestly say I would not
regret the wild years in the Talk House,
my public reputation destroyed -
what does it matter in death?

My skin fears public opinion -
my skeleton has no such fear.

If I follow through with my
plans to begin a new phase of
extracting material from my notes
into topic categories, into essays
and aphorisms, I will do so for
the purpose of deepening my awareness
and thereby deepening my presence
of mind, not in vain but for DEEPER.
becoming

X

To appreciate the phrase "the sense of the tragic", one might benefit from learning the definition of

Tragedy

1. a literary work in which the main character is brought to ruin or suffers extreme sorrow, especially as a consequence of a tragic flaw, a moral weakness, or an inability to cope with unfavorable circumstances.

2. a film that has an unhappy ending

X

A philosopher is able to mature primarily on his own, am I an individual who is predominantly interested?

Do I have difficulty forming close relationships? I am not sure.

I do know that I am particularly concerned with developing my own point of view autonomously.

I am protective of my inner world against premature scrutiny and criticism by others.

With Kant I must insist on independence. There can be nothing more dreadful than that the actions of one man should be subject to the will of another.

X

Tragicomedy - definition #3

a situation having both comic and tragic elements. When I say life is both sad and funny at the same time, triste y chistoso: tragicomedy

A letter from a former patient of Carl Jung offers tremendous insight on "acceptance":

"But of evil, much good has come to me. By keeping quiet, repressing nothing, remaining attentive, and by accepting reality - taking things as they are, and not as I wanted them to be - by doing all this, unusual knowledge has come to me, and unusual powers as well, such as I could never have imagined before. I always thought that when we accepted things, they overpowered us in some way or other. This turns out to be

not true at all, and it is only by accepting them that one can assume an attitude towards them. So now I intend to play the game of life, being receptive to whatever comes to me, good and bad, sun and shadow, forever alternating, and, in this way, also accepting my own nature with its positive and negative sides.

Thus everything becomes more alive to me. What a fool I was! Now I tried to force everything to go according to the way I thought it ought to!"

Something very similar is described by William James:

" The transition from tenderness, self-responsibility, and worry, to equanimity, receptivity, and peace, is the most wonderful of all those shiftings of inner equilibrium, these changes of the personal centre of energy which I have analysed so often; and the chief wonder of it is that it so often comes about, not by doing, but by simply relaxing and throwing the burden down. "

From Jung himself:

" The flow of life again and again demands fresh adaptation. Adaptation is never achieved once and for all. "

43
The process of reducing inner discord and reaching a degree of unification within the psyche has a positive effect upon the subject's perception of, and relation with, the external world.

Abraham Maslow realizes that the creature attitude depends upon being free of other people; free, especially, from neurotic involvements, from 'historical hangovers from childhood', but also free of obligations, duties, fears and hopes.

Maslow: "We become much more free of other people, which in turn means that we become much more ourselves, our Real selves (Horney → influenced Albert Ellis), our authentic selves, our real identity. "

Some of the most profound and healing psychological experiences which individuals encounter take place internally, and are only distantly related, if at all, to interaction with other human beings.

Hence, the capacity to be alone is a great quality to develop; the capacity for solitude is not, as some modern psychoanalysts and twelve step programs suggest, a sign of disease, misanthropy, or mental illness.

When I am confronted by such hogwash, I will return to these pages for affirmation.

Also see SOLITUDE: A RETURN TO THE SELF
by Anthony Storr isbn 0-345-35847-3

Kurt Vonnegut definitely gets the joke even if I do not. The universe is a big damn mess, and while this is tragic, it is also comical when you stop to think about it.

More, much more, of my brothers and sisters are suffering from our current way of life ^{than} are enjoying "the good thing" being reaped by the greedy, wealth-worshipping princes and princesses.

Holy Christ all the waste we generate!

How can we laugh about garbage dumps?

What is left for the hungry skin around my bones to do but drop scraps into a pan of oil and fry?

Shall I lament at how dependant I am, as an organism, on the machinery of industrialized civilization?

Would such lament help me digest the pig parts more easily? What say the flies? Is it ethical the way we hole up in sterilized cubes safely hidden away from the waste we shoot out into the earth?

What say the flies?

Beholding the magnification, do such truths have a quality of beauty for the more out of shattering illusion?

Upon beholding the ugly truth, and truly appreciating what a mockery the truth makes of our politics, our religions, our sciences, and all the other lies that make up our lives, do we have the temperament to laugh at our ridiculous dilemma?

~~It is~~
dilemma

Vonnegut grew up in the great depression of the 1930's. He watched his father waste away and his mother commit suicide. He witnessed the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of German civilians, the greatest slaughter in the history of Europe, and then he was held captive by the Germans (Vonnegut himself being a German-American). He dredged corpses from charred basements. He knows what a nasty species we can be.

By deconstructing these institutions, Vonnegut invites us to appreciate the fact that most of the truths to which we hold fast are really rather silly when examined closely.

Whether we search for truth or run away from truth, truth will swallow us whole in the end, Old Pops is absolutely correct in his condemnation of "belief". He prefers to "know" - since faith/belief are vulnerable to the rude awakening of realization and awareness.

"Kissed if you do, damned if you don't" seems to be Vonnegut's philosophy. The Biblical prophet John the Baptist, *primo de jure*, foretold the coming of Christ and ended up with his head on a platter for his troubles. God gave John of Patmos an elaborate vision of the end of the world, much of which he could not easily understand.

John of Cat's Cradle is also a prophet of sorts. His gradual conversion from Christianity to Bokononism, the fictional religion created by Vonnegut, is at the heart of the novel. John is narrating from the future, from "the end of the world." His story is the shaped of the ~~first~~ Final Stupidity of Mankind, a doctrine of supreme futility.

John's conversion to Bokononism foreshadows the coming of Bokonon himself. Unlike traditional messiahs, however, Bokonon's appearance does not bring redemption, salvation, or answers to all of life's questions. Rather, he leaves a note which states, "Life is silly and unpleasant," and vanishes.

Vonnegut uses the fictional religion of Bokononism as his primary weapon in skewering the many targets he wishes to satirize in Cat's Cradle.

Bokonon serves the same purpose as the Tralfamadorians in *Slaughterhouse-5* or Kitzgore Trout in nearly every Vonnegut tale: he voices whatever off-the-wall observations the author chooses to toss out concerning the general state of things.

Virtually every character in the novel is a Bokononist, or becomes one by the end. While Bokononism does not necessarily give them any exclusive windows into the inner workings of the universe, it does give them

a mindset more appreciative of the overall irony and humor of the situation. John converts from Christianity to Bokononism precisely because he comes to the conclusion that the universe does not make any sense at all. At the end of the novel, he finds himself confronted with the "effective" end of humanity. Were he still Christian, his world near would be hard pressed to survive the cruel reality he sees around him. However, as a Bokononist, the disaster makes perfect sense, because it is completely senseless. The survivors of the Ice-9 disaster, including John, are faced with an undeniably bleak future, yet none of them appears to be

gripped by depression or fatalism. 63

In fact, several of them remain cheerful and upbeat, pointing out the plentiful food and water available to them, and the fact that, at least they have company. Sure, most life on the planet has been obliterated, but really, is that any more ridiculous and unpleasant a situation than the way things were before?

Vonnegut's problems with religion and his beliefs about truth are symbolized by one of the prevailing images of the novel: the cat's cradle.

"No wonder kids grow up crazy - a cat's cradle is nothing but a bunch of X's between somebody's hands, and little kids look and look and look at

all these X's... No damn cat,
no damn cradle."

These six words sum up Verneget's
message about religion, politics,
science, and just about everything
else. Sure, the mysteries of the
universe can look astounding,
and mankind can be fairly
interesting and entertaining at times,
but what happens when you
really start digging into things?
When it's not enough for you just
to exist and be happy, but
when you decide to start hunting
down the truth?

In Verneget's opinion, this is
a quest that can only end in
one conclusion:

No damn cat, no damn cradle.

65

But Verneget appears to be a man
very much in touch with what he
sees as the basic ridiculousness and
meaninglessness of life, the universe,
and everything.

Cat's Cradle dissects many of the
institutions that we hold sacred,
that give our lives structure and
meaning and stability.

If everything we trust in is empty
and false when viewed beneath the
microscope, then where do we go
from here? What does Verneget
hope to teach us?

Nothing that is so, is so -

Nothing in this book is true.

The Score

X "BATTLEFIELD AMERICA"

Land of the Free and Home of the Slave

The United States of America was established through a great revolution dedicated to the proposition that government should not be ruled by powerful kings but should be based on "the consent of the governed".

The merchants, plantation owners and lawyers who were the "Founding Fathers" of the USA were able to prosper after independence was won from Britain - but many of them prospered at the expense of poor laboring people and slaves.

The anti-democratic, immoral, inhuman institution of slavery became

an essential component of ^{the} United States, ⁶⁷ economic development and was written into the United States Constitution.

The natives of America were systematically driven off their land and destroyed.

A dirty war was initiated against Mexico which stole half of that country and absorbed it into the abstract mythology recognized as the United States of America, turning Mexican-Americans from Colorado to Arizona and from Texas to California into second-class citizens.

All such things were justified by a racism that stressed the

Manifest Destiny of the United States
as a "white man's republic".

Bigotry was also used against
many millions of immigrants -
from Ireland and Germany,
from China and Japan,
from Italy and Poland and many
other parts of the world -
who were taken into this
country for the purpose of
exploiting their much needed
labor, even as they were put
down by various forms of
violent prejudice and pervasive
discrimination.

God Shed His Grace On Thee

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

TA wrote, "a few of the princes live
well, while most, of course, labor away
in the Tower prison, as the Tower
prison continues to crumble.

"Let's not even talk about the genocide,
desertification, starvation, lack of
medical aid, pollution, the man-confined
melting ice-caps, or even the oncoming
great depression of the 21st Century,
wherein even the princes are losing
their retirement nest eggs.

(surprise!! MDC warned you about that
too! hehehe)

"Let's start with the half million
children in Iraq who died over the
last decade so that the princes
could get more energy for their

blow drugs and SUV's.

"If I am really lucky, I'll have the opportunity to mandatorily send large groups of disaffected, disappointed teenagers into under block clubs where they'll be force fed premiums, pre-packaged history lessons and Pythagoras theory so that they can forget all of it in a year or two as they get flushed into the weekend world, where they will submit 30-50% of their tax money to finance a war economy dedicated to stuffing most of the goods into sneaker factories and unemployment lines so that the prices

can "do pretty good".

71

This was in response to a 1997 grad (out of college by now?) of RMC who wrote I think we have a pretty good thing going today, a society which allows you to live however you like.

X

How is it that when a writer creates a novel or story, s/he is a writer; but when a writer creates a political essay, he/she is an activist?

X

Oh brother ~~europ~~ europe, won't you please liberate us in the USA? We will need European ground troops, preferably German, with the help

of China and Japan and other international troops, followed by a massive rebuilding campaign costing billions of euros.

The US political system has been a shambles for a long, long, long time. The economy needs to be retooled from its current military dictatorship model - in which a third of the federal budget goes to arms, and taxes are paid almost exclusively by the working class - to one in which basic human needs such as education and poverty are addressed. The U.S. infrastructure is a mess; the U.S. does not even have a national passenger train system.

Fixing a failed state of this size will require many, many years -

X
There is Basic Call To Consciousness related to our steps on govtbustlers.org?
Are we not speaking from the heart in ways radically different than TV news reporters?
Are we not the shamans attempting to stir up the people?

X

(continuing from, or as a prelude to page 66) Is it true that it is cold in Greenland? Is it warm in Iceland? Where and what is 'the land of the free'?
→ p. 66 stuff here ←
So we see that money is freedom, but must sell themselves into slavery for money.

My attitude is the pits, I do not want grandchildren. I do not want children. I do not want this life, I renounce it. Am I misanthropic? Should I print some propaganda and preach it? People don't want to hear political philosophy. They resent it - so miserable they are - and justifiably so.

All I look forward to is working mania, but how good will the high be when I am truly an old homeless bum with a college degree and a personal library of books inaccessible to me? Oh, how tragic! Suicide!

91
My mother's rheumatism is acting up. Her head bobs uncontrollably. It has happened throughout her life, but now it is acting up severely. Mom thinks it is due to my

"Not being situated".

Imagine how much her head would bob were she to discover me dead in the basement. This disturbs me, but she did celebrate my birth.

Now, 36 years later, and I am finding it difficult to motivate myself to remain alive.

I want peace even if I can only reach peace by killing my body, by stopping the breath of life in it.

On the verge of tears my brother and sisters - whenever I seriously contemplate killing myself, I get choked up.

Why is this? I believe this is caused by imagining the reactions of people: my nephew, my men, aunts, nieces, dad, brother-in-law.

Most of all, my nephew - for he would be losing a friend who actually was a presence in his daily life. My nephew would become very alone - and this saddens me profoundly.

And yet, suppose I were to become incarcerated indefinitely due to some unavoidable and desperate behavior?

93
He would deal with this somehow. No why is death so utterly devastating? Because it is final. The penalty leaves the being alone with memories.

I am so tired of "classy" people with their ridiculous sense of superiority. Let these people learn their own lessons. I have awakened, and I refuse to pay homage to the ideology of good looks.

In fact, being a freak, being one of the few to resist wage-slavery, to live as a scavenger and to renounce my reputation - while painful, once through the transition into outcast, I am free to be the here or anywhere.

Fascinating that my hard drive is filled with many stimulating articles. One such article is called messiah. It's under SP → saved/progressive/topic/12 Messy. I will find time to not only browse and read and reread literature that "blows my mind", but I will even take notes. Why? But I feel this is a waste of time? No, I am only alive when I am honest.

As long as I must live - as is done to "keep jobs" in our nightmare science fiction reality - then I am a neutralized unit of cancer.

Death is not the greatest loss in life. The greatest loss is what dies inside us when we live.

Something is dying inside me. Is it my spirit presence?

Asbury Park is total science fiction reality. In fact, Asbury Park inspires a new kind of vision:

We behold our science fiction reality. I look about and observe...

I will paint messiah. I'm somewhere after I return from Asbury Park unless I commit suicide somewhere.

12 MONKEYS & ASBURY PARK

The first ideas to emerge upon awakening: "Am I still crying?",

"Who the hell am I?" - Recalling the house I lived in from 1992 up until my arrest on 14 July 1997, I have ambivalent feelings.

I miss the hideaway, but I do not miss the slavery to the state.

As a state slave, even with the residence, I had somehow become a member of a pseudo-privileged class. Being who I am, how I responded to the conditions at MBSF could have been more other than what it was: chaos, rebellion, anarchy, lunacy.

eschatology - 'The branch of theology dealing with the end of the world or of humanity. ²¹ Doctrine concerning the last things, such as death, the destiny of humanity, the second coming, or the last judgment.

X

I must run out of the house to catch a bus to travel again to Asbury Park for this "work search activity". All I

can do is go through the motions and keep some anti-wage slavery literature on me.

Reflecting upon 12 Monkeys helps me to appreciate the reality of Asbury Park. I want to attempt to radiate a presence in a mature manner - I am who I am.

Lumpen

As the reserve army of unemployed labor, Lumpen play a crucial role in the labor market. For mainstream economists, it has now become accepted economic dogma that a "stable" growth pattern for the U.S. economy requires a level of unemployment of 5% or 6%, allegedly in order to control inflation.

Of course, these unemployment numbers are cooked by subtle tricks:

1. counting the military as "employed"
2. not ~~even~~ counting the millions who have given up on the search for genuine employment at a livable wage.
3. blurring the lines between part-time and full-time employment

This masks the structural roots of the disparity between rich and poor (which is rapidly approaching Third World levels).

This dogma has emerged within the context of an increased emphasis on merit as the source of opportunity (meritocracy).

Oppressed groups of working people are pitted against each other (as seen in renewed anti-immigrant fever and the assault on affirmative action, as if historically oppressed groups are the root of the problem).

These levels of unemployment and underemployment are by no means natural, but rather are rooted in distinct forms of power relations.

We are blinded by the ideological dogma of capitalism in the "modern world". Just as it is not natural for millions of lumpen to be unemployed in order to protect economic stability, it is not natural for people to have to sell their labor to others in order to survive.

Humans are remarkably self-sufficient and have been for ^(the hundreds of) thousands of years that they have walked on this planet. It is only during the last few hundred years that ~~they have~~ a social system has emerged where people must sell their labor power to others in order to survive.

Through ideological mechanisms and distinct forms of power relations, the need to work for survival has been distorted into the form of wage-slavery that exists today, where we renounce our autonomy by submitting our energies to the control of others, in return for a price paid for our labor power.

That humans have been turned into a commodity for sale through the system of wage slavery is a central feature of capitalism. It is crucial to note that wage slavery was forced on the masses from "above", driven by specific interests in search of profit. This fact contradicts the mythology that the system of wage slavery is inevitable or "natural".

Another crucial fact that cannot be ignored is that this battle took place less than 200 years ago.

This is a fraction of the time humans have existed on the planet.

This form of social relations that we take for granted, that we have to work for corporations or other employers and be paid a wage for our labor in order to survive, has really only existed for a very brief part of our tenure on this planet.

Yet this system of industrial production and mass consumption has brought such wide ranging devastation to our lives, in the form of constant exposure to toxic chemicals and pollution, continuous social dislocation triggered

by corporate investment patterns that seek out the highest possible profits without any concern for the communities that support their existence, and the enslavement of people in a system that mandates their submission to the power of others in order to survive.

It is a testament to the ideological power of this economic system based on individual greed that it seems so inevitable or that it is seen as the way things have always been.

The separation of economic and political power in this system is the root of oppression in the modern world. It is the fundamental driving force of the system of wage slavery.

The main problem is that we are divorced from the power to make decisions that significantly shape our lives. But another way, our desires about what we want to do are neutralized by the social demands of what we have to do, which revolve around submitting to the system of wage slavery.

Can we do anything to escape wage-slavery, debt-slavery, and mass commodity consumption?

These phenomena are by no means inevitable, but rather are the result of a system based on private greed that has only been around for a few hundred years.

How can I fight wage-slavery? I have to DECOLONIZE my MIND from the ideological straitjacket that controls it.

[→ Frederick Urshgur rattles the bars of his cage at Michigan State University]
<http://www.from-left-field.com/2kurpen/index.html>

X

FREEDOM OF CHOICE THROUGH
SENSIBILITY (FiliSpeaks:
MEMO #001)

There is no ONE RIGHT WAY to live.
Evolution favors diversity and choice.
Some traits are common to all humans:
Vengeance brought on by grief is a
human heartbeat.

Our world is not merely troubled -

Our world is DOOMED. Not today, not tomorrow, but gradually -

• the new confirmed melting ice-caps

• 7 billion (soon to be 10) ~~people~~

mostly ill, poor, violent,
struggling human bodies,

The few who sit atop the carnage
do find it inconvenient, but,

of course, they have medical coverage
and a full plate waiting for them on
the table. They have a checkbook
ready to hire an attorney to defend
their dwindling civil liberties.

But most don't,

The J curve is now rearing upwards,

"Improvement" is an illusion.

Progress is a rhetorical reality, not
an evolutionary one. It is political
and nationalistic fire, not an honest
interaction with the law of equilibrium,
nature's language. Bringing the earth
to a crisis of mass desecipation and
organic dissolution is not improvement.
It is poking nature in the chest, and
starting a shoving match.

Nature is now poking back.

With the force of melting continents,
fouled air, population versus land mass
crisis of unbalanced and undocumented
proportions, and MISERY FOR MOST.

[Next, Joe gets into the slavery issue
which connects with previous section
on the Lumpen]

Slavery, in myriad forms, is an essential social and economic pillar of the Industrialized World, and has been from the beginning.

True, the Industrial World gives lip service to its eradication ~~of economic slavery~~, but the eradication of economic slavery would mean the collapse of the profit pyramid structure, the scarcity economics process on which sits the very socio-economic management of the industrialized world (IW).

The IW is, collectively, quite mad. Frighteningly, should the IW perceive its own tragic arrogance and WANT to change, it will most likely be unable to do so. It has gone too far...